

Face Of The Conqueror

Zemial

Crystallised in the river of time, alive. His face of stone
Blood to quench His might, shadow of death when He was born
Who stands to meet His gaze, His soul a silent night sky bleak
Commands the Therion, remember ye well! Stygian king, a god is
born

Rides through Cimmerian lands
Chants to the river
Rides through Cimmerian lands
Where the circles of rivers meet

Humans infected with visions... cursed with mortality

Winds flood with delirious thoughts
The tyrant to dethrone
Eyes shut to the circling darkness
Slaves forget...

Forces gathered for many years
Prepared to fight to the death
So thrice called the daemon king
A thousand daemons are born

Voices calling from Kokytoz
The darkness in their dreams
Never was there a battle
Never a panoply strapped!

Remains in the halls of time alive. His face of stone
Throne of polemic might; highest commander of your dreams
Steel will drown your plight and cleanse your impure thoughts with blood!
The face of the conqueror remember ye well,
Stygian king, a god enthroned!